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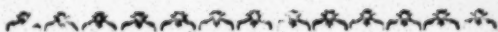
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Songs and Verses.

For the Amusement of all little good
CHILDREN,
Who can neither read nor run.

STOCKTON:
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P A R T I.

The Frog and Mouse.

THERE was a frog liv'd in
a well,

Kitty alone, Kitty alone,
There was a frog liv'd in a well,
Kitty alone and I.

There was a frog liv'd in a well,
And a farce * mouse in a mill,

A 3

Cock

* Merry. *2 folios*

(6)

Cock me cary, Kitty alone,
Kitty alone and I.

This frog he would a wooing
ride,

Kitty alone, &c.

This frog he would a wooing
ride,

And on a snail he got astride,
Cock me cary, &c.

He rode till he came to my Lady
Mouse hall,

Kitty alone, &c.

He rode till he came to my Lady
Mouse hall,

And there he did both knock
and call,

Cock me cary, &c.

Quoth

(7)

Quoth he, Miss Mouse, I'm come
to thee,

Kitty alone, &c.

Quoth he, Miss Mouse, I'm come
to thee,

To see if thou can fancy me,
Cock me cary, &c.

Quoth she, answer I'll give you
none,

Kitty alone, &c.

Quoth she, answer I'll give you
none,

Until my uncle Rat come home,
Cock me cary, &c.

And when her uncle Rat came
home,

Kitty alone, &c.

A 4

And

And when her uncle Rat came
home,
Who's been here since I've been
gone?
Cock me cary, &c.

Sir there's been a worthy gentle-
man,
Kitty alone, &c.

Sir, there's been a worthy gen-
tleman,
That's been here since you've
been gone,
Cock me cary, &c.

The frog he came whistling tho-
rough the brook,
Kitty alone, &c.

The

The frog he came whistling tho-
rough the brook,
And there he met with a dainty
duck,
Cock me cary, &c.

This Duck she swallow'd him up
with a pluck,
Kitty alone, Kitty alone,
This duck she swallow'd him up
with a pluck,
Kitty alone and I.
This duck she swallow'd him up
with a pluck,
So there's an end of my history
book,
Cock me cary, Kitty alone,
Kitty alone and I.

The Lady and the Swine.

THere was a lady lov'd a swine,
Honey, quoth she,
Pig-hog, wilt thou be mine?
Hoogh, quoth he.

I'll build thee a silver sty,
Honey, quoth she;
And in it thou shalt lye,
Hoogh, quoth he.

Pinn'd with a silver pin,
Honey, quoth she;
That thou may go out and in,
Hoogh, quoth he.

Wilt thou now have me now,
Honey? quoth she.
Hoogh,

Hoogh, hoogh, hoogh, quoth he,
And went his way.

The Cambrick Shirt.

CAN you make me a cambrick
shirt,
Parsley, sage, rosemary and
thyme,
Without any seam or needle-
work?
And you shall be a true lover
of mine.

Can you wash it in yonder well,
Parsley, &c.
Where never sprung water, nor
rain ever fell?
And you, &c.

Can you dry it on yonder
thorn,

Parsley, &c.

Which never bore bloffom since
Adam was born?

And you, &c.

Now you have ask'd me ques-
tions three,

Parsley, &c.

I hope you'll answer as many for
me,

And you, &c.

Can you find me an acre of land,
Parsley, &c.

Between the salt water and the
sea sand?

And you, &c.

Can

Can you plow it with a ram's
horn,

Parsley, &c.

And sow it all over with one
pepper corn?

And you, &c.

Can you reap it with a sickle of
leather,

Parsley, &c.

And bind it up with a peacock's
feather,

And you, &c.

When you have done & finished
your work,

Parsley, &c.

Then come to me for your cam-
brick shirt,

And you, &c.

The celebrated Song of
London Bridge is broken
down.

Londonbridge is broken down
Dance o'er my lady lee,
London bridge is broken down,
With a gay lady.

How shall we build it up again,
Dance o'er my lady lee;
How shall we build it up again,
With a gay lady.

Build it up with silver and gold,
Dance o'er my lady lee;
Build it up with silver and gold,
With a gay lady.

(15)

Silver & gold will be stole away,
Dance o'er my lady lee;
Silver & gold will be stole away,
With a gay lady.

Build it up with iron and steel,
Dance o'er my lady lee;
Build it up with iron and steel,
With a gay lady.

Iron and steel will bend & bow,
Dance o'er my lady lee,
Iron & steel will bend and bow,
With a gay lady.

Build it up with wood and clay,
Dance o'er my lady lee,
Build it up with wood and clay,
With a gay lady.

Wood

(16)

Wood and clay will wash away,
Dance o'er my lady lee,
Wood and clay will wash away,
With a gay lady.

Build it up with stone so strong,
Dance o'er my lady lee,
Huzza! 'twill last for ages long,
With a gay lady.

The Song of
The Three Children.

Tune, CHEVY CHACE.

THREE children sliding on
the ice,
Upon a summer's day,
As

(17)

As it fell out, they all fell in,
The rest they ran away.

Now had these children been at
home,

Or sliding on dry ground,
Ten thousand pounds to one
penny,

They had not all been drown'd.

You parents that have children
dear,

And eke you that have none,
If you will have them safe
abroad,

Pray keep them safe at home.

A 9

Robin,

Robin, Bobbin, Richard,
and John:

Or, The Wren Shooting.

WE'll go a shooting, says Ro-
bin to Bobbin,

We'll go a shooting, says Rich-
ard to Robin ;

We'll go a shooting, says John
all alone ;

We'll go a shooting, says every
one. .

What shall we kill, says Robin
to Bobbin ;

What shall we kill, says Richard
to Robin ;

What

What shall we kill, says John all
alone,

What shall we kill, says every
one.

We'll shoot at that Wren, says
Robin to Bobbin;

We'll shoot at that Wren, says
Richard to Robin;

We'll shoot at that Wren, says
John all alone,

We'll shoot at that Wren, says
every one.

She's down, she's down, says
Robin to Bobbin;

She's down, she's down, says
Richard to Robin;

She's down, she's down, says
John all alone;
She's down, she's down, says
every one.

How shall we get her home, says
Robin to Bobbin;
How shall we get her home, says
Richard to Robin;
How shall we get her home, says
John all alone;
How shall we get her home, says
every one.

We'll hire a cart, says Robin to
Bobbin;
We'll hire a cart, says Richard
to Robin;

We'll

We'll hire a cart, says John all
alone ;

We'll hire a cart, says every one.

Then hoist, boys, hoist, says
Robin to Bobbin ;

Then hoist, boys, hoist, says Ri-
chard to Robin ;

Then hoist, boys, hoist, says
John all alone ;

Then hoist, boys, hoist, says
every one.

So they brought her away, af-
ter each pluck'd a feather,
And when they got home,
shar'd the booty together.

The Short Courtship;

Or, The lusty Wooer.

HERE comes a lusty wooer,
My a dildin, my a daldin,
Here comes a lusty wooer,
Lily bright and shine a.

Pray, who do you woo,
My a dildin, my a daldin;
Pray, who do you woo?
Lily bright and shine a.

For your fairest daughter,
My a dildin, my a daldin;
For your fairest daughter,
Lily bright and shine a.

Then

Then there she is for you,
My a dildin, my a daldin;
Then there she is for you,
Lily bright and shine a.

The Song of
The Old Woman that was
toss'd in a Blanket.

THERE was an old woman
toss'd in a blanket,
Seventeen times as high as the
moon;
But where she was going no
mortal could tell,
For under her arm she car-
ry'd a broom.

A 12

Old

Then

(24)

Old woman, old woman, old
woman, said I,
Whither, ah whither, ah whi-
ther so high?
To sweep the cobwebs from the
sky,
And I'll be with you by and by

The Old Man and the Oak
A North-country Song.

SAYS t'auld man tit cak tree
Young and lusty was I when
I kenn'd thee;
I was young and lusty, I was fair
and clear,
Young and lusty was I mony
lang year,

Bu

old But fair fail'd am I, fair fail'd
 now,
 whi- Sair fail'd am I sen I kenn'd thou.

A Solemn Dirge.

d by **D**ING dong bell,
 The Cat is in the well.
 Who put her in,
 Dak Little Johnny Green.
 What a naughty boy was that,
 To drown poor Puffy Cat,
 Who never did him any harm,
 And kill'd the mice in his fa-
 ther's barn.

as fa

hony

Bu

Trip upon Trenchers.

A melancholy Song.

TRIP upon trenchers, and
dance upon dishes,
My mother sent me for some
barm, some barm;
She bid me tread lightly, and
come again quickly,
For fear the young men shou'd
do me some harm.

Yet didn't you see, yet didn't you
see,
What naughty tricks they put
upon me:
They broke my pitcher,
And

And spilt the water,
And huff'd my mother,
And chid her daughter,
And kiss'd my sister instead of
me.

T'other little Tune.

A very pleasant Song.

Won't be my father's Jack,
I wont be my mother's Gill,
I will be the fidler's wife,
And have music when I will.

T'other little tune,
T'other little tune,
Pr'ythee, love, play me
T'other little tune.

The Song of
The Three Wise Men of
Gotham, who went to
Sea in a Bowl.

THREE wise men of Gotham,
Went to sea in a bowl,
And if the bowl had been
stronger,
My song had been longer.

Song of Sixpence.

SING a song of sixpence, a
bag full of rye,
Four and twenty Blackbirds
bak'd in a pye ;

And

And when the pye was open'd,
 the birds began to sing,
 And was not this a pretty dish
 to set before a king?

The king was in the parlour,
 counting o'er his money
 The queen was in the kitchen,
 eating bread and honey;
 The maid was in the garden,
 laying out the clothes,
 Up came a magpie and bit off
 her nose.

Quoted in Beaumont & Fletcher's Bonduca. Act V. sc. 2

The Song of The Cat and the Fiddle.

SING hey diddle, diddle,
 The cat and the fiddle,
 The

The cow jump'd over the moon,
The little dog laugh'd
To see such craft,
And the dish ran away with the
T spoon.

The Woodcock, the Spar-
row, and the little Dog.

A I'LL sing you a song ;
N The days are long,
The woodcock and the sparrow:
The little dog he has burnt his
tail,
And he must be hang'd to-mor-
C row.

I The

The Song of
The Two Birds.

THERE were two birds sat
on a stone,

Fa, la, la, la, la, de;

One flew away, and then there
was one,

Fa, la, la, la, la, de;

The other flew after, and then
there was none,

Fa, la, la, la, la, de;

And so the poor stone was left
all alone,

Fa, la, la, la, la, de.

The surprizing Old Woman.

THERE was an old woman,
 and what do you think ?
 She liv'd upon nothing but victu-
 als and drink ;
 And tho' victuals & drink were
 the chief of her diet,
 This plaguy old woman cou'd
 never be quiet.

She went to the baker, to buy
 her some bread,
 And when she came home, her
 old husband was dead ;
 She went to the clerk to toll the
 bell,

And

And when she came home her
old husband was well.

The miraculous Guinea-
pig.

THERE was a little Guinea pig,
Who, being little, was not big,
He always walk'd upon his feet,
And never fasted when he eat.

When from a place he ran away,
He never at that place did stay;
And while he ran, as I am told,
He ne'er stood still for young or
old.

He often squeak'd, and some-
times vi'lent,

And

And when he squeak'd he ne'er
was silent;
Tho' ne'er instructed by a cat,
He knew a mouse was not a rat.

One day, as I am certify'd,
He took a whim and fairly dy'd;
And as I'm told by men of sense,
He never has been living since.

The Song of the
Piper & the Fidler's Wife.

WE'RE all dry with drinking
on't,

We're all dry with drinking on't,
The piper kiss'd the fidler's wife,
And I can't sleep for thinking
on't,

A famous

A famous Song about
Betty Pringle's Pig.

D I D you not hear of Betty
Pringle's Pig?

It was not very little, nor yet
very big;

This pig sat down upon a dung-
hill,

And there poor Piggy he made
his will.

Betty Pringle came to see this
pretty Pig,

That was not very little, nor yet
very big;

This

(36)

This little piggy it lay down & dy'd
And Betty Pringle fat down
and cry'd.

Then Johnny Pringle bury'd this
very pretty pig,

That was not very little, nor yet
very big ;

So here's an end of the song of
all three,

Johnny Pringle, Betty Pringle,
and the little Piggy.

The Nurse's Song.

BEE baw babby lou*, on a
tree top,

* A corruption of the French nurse's
threat in the fable : *He bas ! la le loup !*
Hush ! there's the wolf.

When

When the wind blows the cradle
will rock,
When the wind ceases the cradle
will fall,
Down comes baby and cradle
and all.

Another.

BEE baw bunting,
Daddy's gone a hunting,
To get a little lamb's skin,
To lap his little baby in.

Another.

BYE O my baby,
When I was a lady,
O then my poor baby didn't cry;
But my baby is weeping,
For want of good keeping,
Oh, I fear my poor baby will die.

T
A
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S
J
P A R T II.

A Man of Words.

A Man of words and not of
deeds

Is like a garden full of weeds;
And when the weeds begin to
grow,

It's like a garden full of snow;
And when the snow begins to fall

It's like a bird upon the wall;
And when the bird away does fly
It's like an eagle in the sky;

And

And when the sky begins to roar,
It's like a lion at the door ;

And when the door begins to
crack,

It's like a stick across your back;

And when your back begins to
smart,

It's like a penknife in your heart;

And when your heart begins to
bleed,

You're dead, and dead, and
dead, indeed.

The Valentine.

THE rose is red, the violet's
blue,

The honey's sweet, & so are you.

Thou

Thou art my love, & I am thine,
 I drew thee to my Valentine :
 The lot was cast, and then I drew,
 And Fortune said it shou'd be you.

Three Brethren out of Spain.

WE are three biethren out of
 Spain,

Come to court your daughter
 Jane.

My daughter Jane she is too
 young,

And has not learn'd her mother-
 tongue.

Be she young, or be she old,
 For her beauty she must be sold.

So

(41)

So fare you well, my lady gay,
We'll call again another day.

Turn back, turn back, thou
scornful knight,
And rub thy spurs till they be
bright.

Of my spurs take you no thought
For in this town they were not
bought.

So fare you well, my lady gay,
We'll call again another day.

Turn back, turn back, thou
scornful knight,
And take the fairest in your fight
The fairest maid that I can see,
Is pretty Nancy, come to me.

Every

Here comes your daughter, safe
and found,
Every pocket with a thousand
pound;
Every finger with a gay gold ring
Please to take your daughter in.

Robin and Richard.

ROBIN and Richard,
Were two pretty men,
They lay in bed
Till the clock struck ten:
Then up starts Robin,
And looks at the sky,
Oh! brother Richard,
The sun's very high.

You

You go before,
 With the bottle and bag,
 And I will come after,
 On little Jack Nag.

Robin the Bobbin.

ROBIN the Bobbin, the big-
 bellied hen,
 He eat more meat than fourscore
 men;
 He eat a cow, he eat a calf,
 He eat a butcher and a half;
 He eat a church, he eat the
 steeple,
 He eat the priest and all the
 people.

Bah,

Bah, Bah, Black Sheep.

BAH, bah, black sheep,
Have you any wool?
Yes, marry, have I,
Three bags full;
One for my master,
One for my dame,
But none for the little boy
Who cries in the lane.

Patty Cake.

Patty cake, Patty cake,
Baker's man;
That I will, Master,
As fast as I can;

Prick

(45)

Prick it, and prick it,
And mark it with a T,
And there will be enough
For Jacky and me.

Who's there?

WHO's there?
A grenadier.

What do you want?

A pot of beer.

Where's your money?

Quite forgot.

Get you gone,

You drunken sot.

Cross

rick

Cross Patch.

CCROSS Patch, draw the latch,
Sit by the fire and spin;
Take a cup, and drink it up,
Then call your neighbours in.

Mistress Mary.

Mistress Mary,
Quite contrary,
How does your garden grow?
With cockle shells,
And silver bells,
And cowslips all arow.

There

The Old Man & his Calf.

THERE was an old man,
And he had a calf;
And that's half:
He took him out of the stall,
And put him on the wall;
And that's all.

Jack a Nory.

I'LL tell you a story
About Jack a Nory;
And now my story's begun:
I'll tell you another,
About Jack and his brother;
And now my story's done.

G 31

Great A.

GREAT A, little a,
Bouncing B;
The cat's in the cupboard,
And she can't see.

See Saw.

SEE Saw, facaradown,
Which is the way to London
town?
One foot up, the other foot
down,
That is the way to London
town.

See

1, 2, 3, 4, 5,
I caught a hare alive;
6, 7, 8, 9, 10,
I let her go again.

HERE stands a fist.
Who set him there?
A better man than you,
Touch him if you dare.

A Little old man and I fell out,
How shall we bring this mat-
ter about?

don Bring it about as well as you can,
Get you gone, you little old man!

foot **L**ittle boy, pretty boy, where
was you born?

ndon n Lincolnshire, master; come
See blow the cow's horn.

A halfpenny pudding, a penny
pye,

A shoullder of mutton, and that
love I.

THE man in the moon
Came tumbling down,
And ask'd his way to Norwich.
He went by the South,
And burnt his mouth,
With supping hot pease porridge

FOUR-and-twenty tailors
Went to kill a snail;
The best man among them
Durst not touch her tail;
She put out her horns
Like a little kyloe cow:
Run, tailors, run,
Or she'll kill you all e'en now

ny **J**ACK and Gill
Went up the hill,
that To fetch a bottle of water;
Jack fell down,
And broke his crown,
And Gill came tumbling a'ter.

ich. **O** Rare Harry Parry,
When will you marry?
When apples and pears are ripe.
idge I'll come to your wedding,
Without any bidding,
And lye with your bride all night.

SEE faw, Margery Daw
Sold her old bed to lay on
the straw:
Was not she a nasty flut,
To sell her old bed to lay on the

now

THERE was an old woman, she
 liv'd in a shoe,
 She had so many children she
 didn't know what to do;
 She gave them some broth, with-
 out any bread,
 She whipp'd all their bums, and
 sent them to bed.

SHOE the colt,
 Shoe the colt,
 Shoe the wild mare;
 Here a nail,
 There a nail,
 Yet she goes bare.

IS John smith within?
 Yes, that he is.
 Can he set on a shoe?

Ay, marry, two,
 Here a nail, there a nail,
 Tick, tack, too.

RIDE a cock horse,
 To Banbury cross,
 To see what Tommy can buy;
 A penny white loaf,
 A penny white cake,
 And a twopenny apple pye.

RIDE a cock horse, to Banbu-
 ry cross,
 To see an old woman get up on
 her horse;
 Rings on her fingers, and bells
 at her toes,
 And so she makes music where-
 ever she goes.

O That I was where I would be!
Then would I be where I am
not;
But where I am I must be,
And where I would be I can not.

I See the moon, and the moon
sees me,
God bless the moon, and God
bless me!

COCK a doodle doo,
My dame has lost her shoe;
My master has lost his fiddlestick,
And knows not what to do.

ROUND about, round about,
Maggotty pie,
My father loves good ale,
And so do I.

THERE was an old man in a
 velvet coat,
 He kifs'd a maid and gave her a
 groat;
 The groat was crack'd, & would
 not go:
 Ah, old man, d'ye serve me so?

LITTLE Jack Horner,
 Sat in a corner,
 Eating of Christmas-pye;
 He put in his thumb,
 And pull'd out a plumb,
 And cry'd what a good boy am I.

LITTLE Tom Tucker,
 Sings for his supper;
 What shall he eat?
 White bread and butter:
 How will he cut it,
 Without e'er a knife?

How will he be marry'd,
Without e'er a wife.

A Diller, a doller,
A ten o'clock scholar,
What makes you come so soon?
You us'd to come at ten o'clock,
And now you come at noon.

I Am a pretty wench,
And I come a great way hence,
And sweethearts I can get none :
But every dirty fow,
Can get sweethearts enow,
And I, pretty wench, can get
never a one.

WHAT care I how black I be,
Twenty pounds will marry
me ;

If twenty won't, forty shall,
I am my mother's bouncing girl.

LADY bird, Lady bird,
Fly away home;
Your house is on fire,
Your children will burn.

JOHNSON, come sell thy fiddle;
And buy thy wife a gown.
No, I'll not sell my fiddle,
For ne'er a wife in town.

GOOSE-a, goose-a, gander,
Where shall I wander?
Up stairs, down stairs,
In my lady's chamber;
There you'll find a cup of sack,
And a race of ginger.

The Speech of the Horse
that spoke to his Master.

UP the hill take care of me,
Down the hill take care of
thee,

Give me no water while I am hot,
On level ground spare me not.

N. B Don't you think he might as well
have kept the last piece of advice to him-
self.

COME, let's to bed,
Says Sleepy-head ;
Sit up a while, says Slow ;
Hang on the pot,
Says Greedy-gut,
Let's sup before we go.

THERE was an old woman,
 Liv'd under a hill,
 She put a mouse in a bag,
 And sent it to mill:
 The miller did swear
 By the point of his knife,
 He never took toll
 Of a mouse in his life.

THERE was an old woman,
 And she sold puddings and
 pyes,
 She went to the mill,
 And the dust flew into her eyes:
 Hot pies and cold pies to sell!
 Where-ever she goes you may
 follow her by the smell.

TO make your candles last for
 aye,
 You wives & maids give ear o!

To put 'em out's the only way,
Says honest John Boldero.

I Doubt, I doubt,
My fire is out,
My little dame an't at home;
Come, bridle my hog,
And saddle my dog,
And fetch my little dame home

HARK, hark, the dogs do bark
Beggars are coming to town
Some in jags, and some in rags,
And some in velvet gowns.

WHEN I was a batchelor,
I lived by myself,
And all the bread and cheefe I had
I laid upon a shelf;
The rats and the mice they made
such a strife,

way, I was forc'd to go to London to
 buy me a wife :

O. The roads were so bad, and the
 lanes were so narrow,

I was forc'd to bring my wife
 home in a wheel-barrow;

e; The wheel-barrow broke, and
 my wife got a fall :

homo Deuce take the wheel-barrow,
 wife and all.

bark TAFFY was a Welchman,
 town

rags, Taffy was a thief;

ns. Taffy came to my house,
 And stole a piece of beef :

or, I went to Taffy's house,

f, Taffy was n't at home,

el ha Taffy came to my house,

i and stole a marrow bone.

y mad

I Had a little husband,
 No bigger than my thumb,
 I put him in a pint pot,
 And there I bad him drum;
 I bridled him and saddled him,
 And sent him out of town:
 I gave him a pair of garters,
 To garter up his hose,
 And a little silk handkerchief,
 To wipe his snotty nose.

OLD father Greybeard,
 Without tooth or tongue,
 If you'll give me your finger,
 I'll give you my thumb.

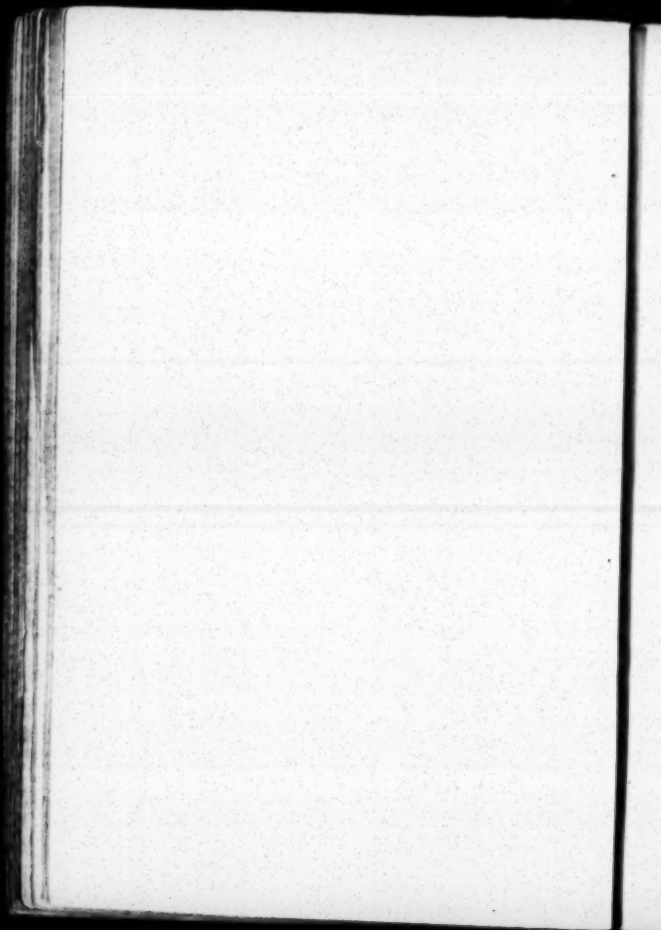
I Will tell my own daddy
 When he comes home,
 What little good work
 My mammy has done;

She has earnt a penny,
 Spent a groat,
 And burnt a hole
 In the child's new coat.

I Had a little moppet,
 I put it in my pocket,
 And fed it with corn and hay;
 There came a proud beggar,
 And swore he would have her,
 And stole my little moppet away.

UP hill and down dale;
 Butter is made in e'ery vale;
 And if that Nancy Cock
 Is a good girl,
 She shall have a spouse,
 And make butter anon,
 Before her old grandmother
 Grows a young man.

F I N I S.



Additions.

Old woman, old woman, shall we go a shearing?
Speak a little louder Sir, I'm very thick of hearing.
Old woman, old woman, shall I kiss you dearly?
Thank you, kind Sir; I hear you very clearly.

Snail, snail, come out of your hole,
Or else I'll make you as black as a coal.

I suspect that it was the custom upon repeating these lines to hold the snail to a candle in order to make it quit the shell, I find that in Normandy it was the practice at Christmas for boys to run round fruit trees with lighted torches singing these lines.

Taupes & mulots,
Sortez de vos clos,
Sion vous brulerai & la barbe & les os.

I'll sing you a song
Nine verses long
For a pin
Three and three are six
And three are nine
You are a fool
And the pin is mine.

Bell horses bell horses,
What time o' day
One a clock two a clock
Time to away.

Batt the cake batt the cake
Bakers Man
And bake the cake
As soon as you can,
We'll prick it & bake it
We'll prick it & bake it
And set it up to'en.

Little Tom Dandy
Was my first shooter (suitor)
He had a spoon & dish
And a little Puster.

O the little rusty dusty rusty Miller,
I'll not change my wife for either gold
or silver.

There was a little pretty lad,
And he liv'd by himself;
And all the meat he got,
He put upon a shelf.

- ✓ The rats and the mice
Did lead him such a life,
That he went to Ireland
To get himself a wife.
✓ The lanes they were so broad,
And the fields they were so narrow,
He could not get his wife home
Without a wheel-barrow.
✓ The wheel-barrow broke,
My wife she got a neck,
The dance to the wheel-barrow
That spared my wife's neck.
-

The rose is red, the grass is green,
Serve King George our noble King
Fittly the spinner will sit down to dinner,
And eat the leg of a frog;
All good people look over the steeple,
And see the cat play with the dog.

Doctor Foster was a good man,
He whipped his scholars now & then,
And when he had done he took a dance,
Out of England into France;
He had a brave beaver with a fine shout,
Stand you there out.

N.B. For the two last I am indebted
to my pretty little Sister Emily
Lorrey. 1795.

Bye-bye hunting;
Daddy's gone a-hunting;
Get a little rabbit skin
To lap the little baby in.

Big jigmi-jole, the pudding bowl
The table and the frame;
My master he did cudgel me,
For kissing of my dame

There was an old woman & she lived in a shoe.
She had so many children, she didn't know
what to do,
She crum'd 'em, some porridge without
any bread
And she borrow'd a beetle & she knock'd
'em all on the head.
Then out went the old woman to be & break a
coffin,
And when she came back she found 'em
all a-laffing!

Little boy Blot come blow me your horn,
The cow's in the meadow, the sheep in the corn,
But where is the little boy lurking & sheep?
He's under the hay-cock fast asleep.

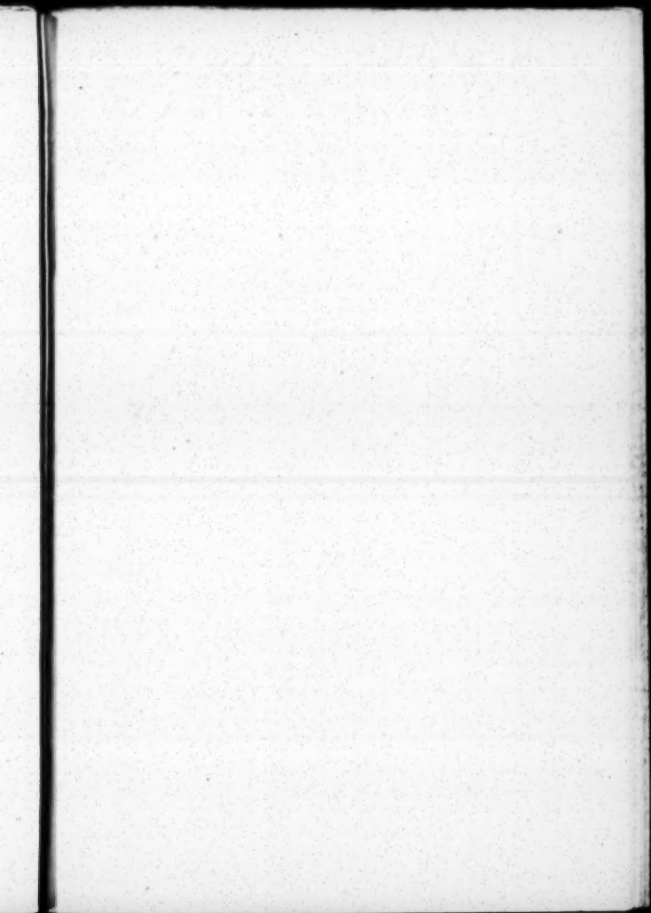
Pussy cat, pussy cat will thou be mine?
Thou shalt neither wash dishes nor feed
the swine,
But sit on a cushion & sew a little seam,
And eat five strawberries, sugar & cream.

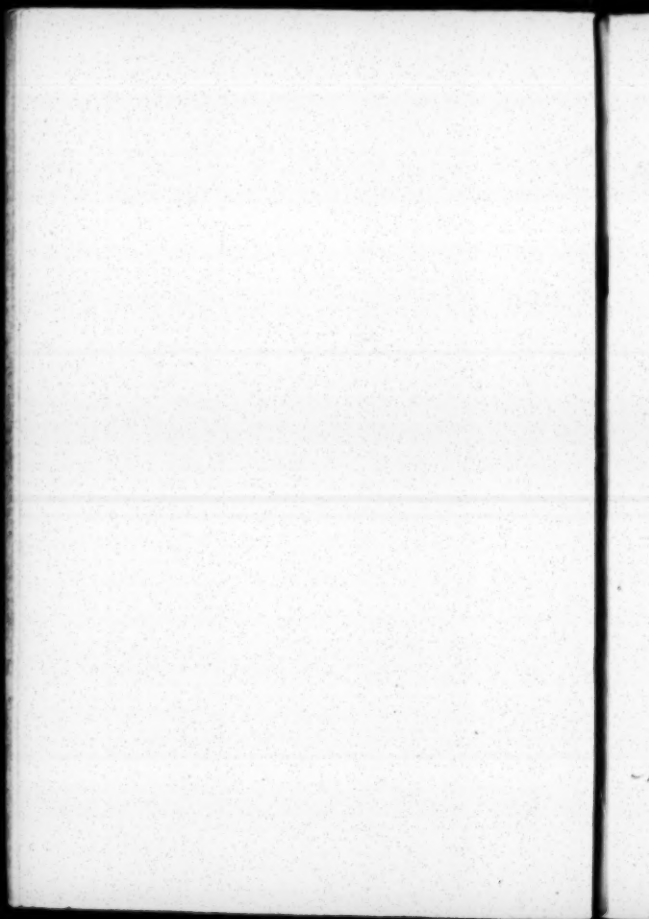
Daddy baby diddy
What can a mammy do wid'e,
But pet a lap
And give 'em a pap
Sing daddy baby diddy

Dingle dingle dookey,
The cats in the well.
The dogs away to Bellingham
To buy the bairn a bide.

This is a Scottish ditty, on whirling round
a piece of lighted paper to the child.
The paper is called the dingle dookey.

Feedum fiddle dum fee,
The cats go into the tree.
Pussy come down,
Or Ill crack your crown.
And toss you into the sea
Restore F.D.





Little See See
He went to sea
In an open boat;
And while afloat
The little boat heeded,
And my son's ended.

Old Fetti. Three.
Got a holiday shoe
What can old Fetti do?
Get her another.
To match the other
And then she may sing in a duo.

To market, to market
To buy a plum bun.
Come again come again
Market is done.

Come riddle me riddle me
riddle me see.
None are so blind
as they that won't see.

Missum Whadum over my knee
Thank you Mamma for whipping
of me.

Somersetshire Hummers
at Christmas

Here comes I
Liddle man I be
Wi my sword
in my han.

If you dont all do
as you be told by I.
I'll send ye all to 'York
for to make shille-lie.

St Shrove. Tuesday

Dibbity dibbity dibbity doe,
Give me a sin-a-cake
and I'll go.

Dibbity dibbity dibbity ditter,
Please to give me
a bit of a fritter

A little old man of Derby
How do you think he served me
He took away my head and cheese
And that is how he served me.

Pussy cat Mian jumped over a coal
And turned her best petticoat
in a great hole.

Pussy cat Mian can't drink any
milk
Until her best petticoat is
mended with silk.

Diddle diddle dumpling
my son John
He went to bed with his breeches on
One shoe off - tother stocking on
Diddle diddle dumpling
my son John

When I was a little boy
My daddy kept me in.

Now I'm a stout man
And fit to serve the King.

I can hand a musket;

I can smoke a pipe;

I can kiss a pretty girl,

At twelve o'clock at night.

Behold a royal dog from Spain

Pray tell me Sir

Whose dog are you?

Charley loves good ale and beer
Charley loves good brandy
Charley loves a pretty girl
As sweet as sugar-candy

Multiplication
is a vexation

Division is twice as bad.

The rule of three
will puzzle me

And Practice make me mad

Thine vain go away.
Come again another day

My head doth ache
My hand doth shake.
I have a naughty pen.
My ink is bad
My paper worse
How can I write well then.

Sack be nimble.
and Sack be quick
and Sack jump over
the candlestick

Cherry, overy, ickery an,
Sops in vinegar, like in an
Lucery, guava
Deery honey,
Pinkernum, Harkernum.
Buck.

Three crooked cripples
went through Bridlegate
And through Bridlegate
went three crooked cripples
To be said 3 times in one breath

My grandmother sent me
a new fashioned three cornered
cambric country-cut hankerchief
Not an old fashioned three-
cornered cambric country-cut
hankerchief
But a new-fashioned three-
cornered cambric country cut
hankerchief

I heard I live
without stopping

A Thatcher of Hackwood
went to Hackwood to Hatch.
and the people of Hackwood
to the Thatcher of Hackwood
Thatcher of Hackwood
Hatch Hick.
Thatcher of Hackwood

He said three times
without stopping

When Jacky's a very good boy,
He shall have cakes & custard;
But when he does nothing but cry
He shall have nothing but mustard.

There was a jolly miller
Liv'd on the river Dee
He look'd upon his pillow,
And there he saw a flea
I say fir flea,
You have bit me
And would not let me lie
You ^{have} gait'd a bump
Upon my rump
And therefore you shall die.

M^r. Saller.

